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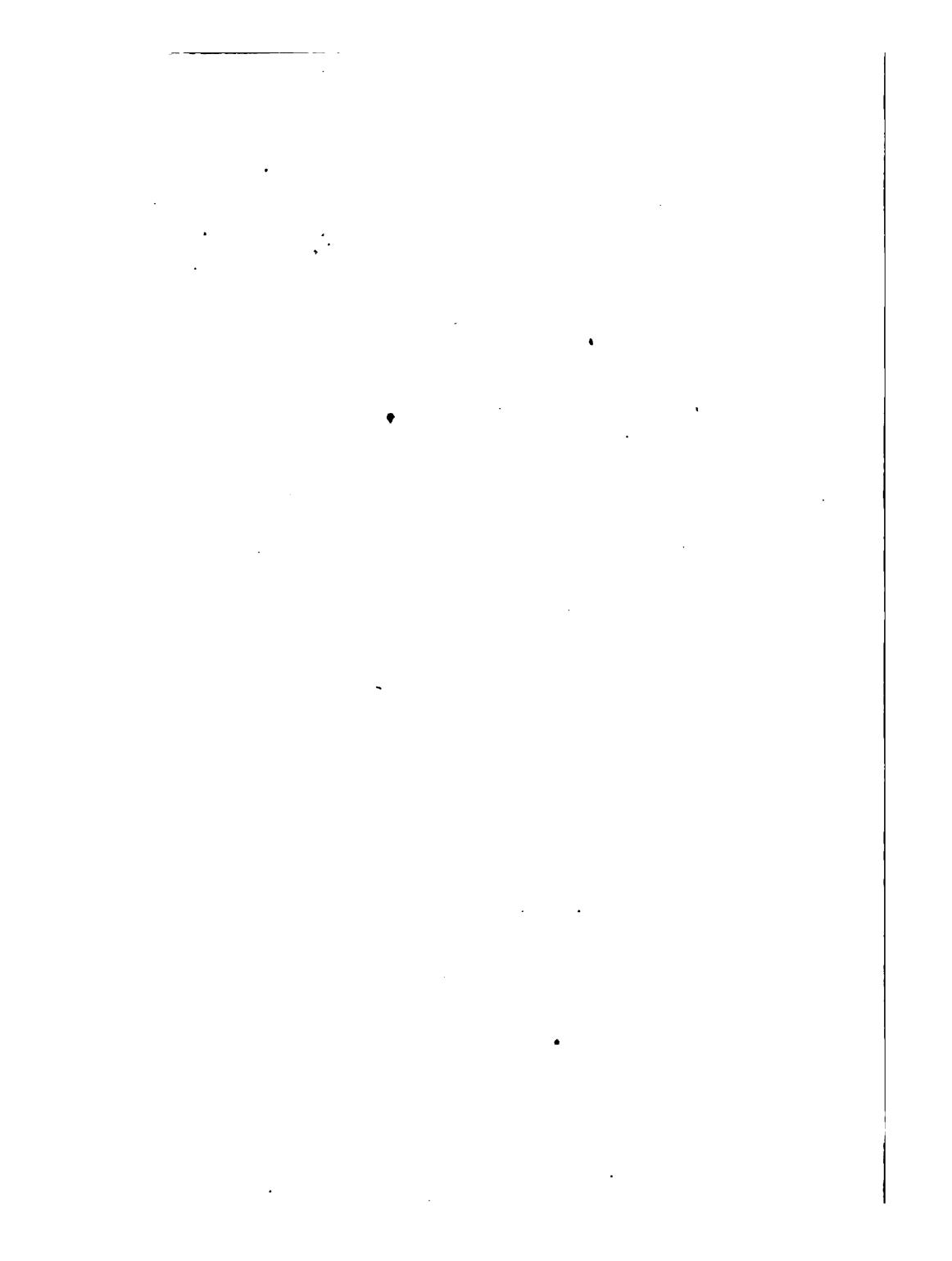
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June 15, 1927

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Vol. XXI

NOVEMBER, MCMVII

No. 1

Little Journeys

To Homes of
REFORMERS

BY ELBERT HUBBARD



ANNE HUTCHINSON

Single Copies 10 Cents By the Year, \$ 1.00

Little Journeys for 1907

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

Will be to the Homes of Great Reformers

The subjects are as follows:

John Wesley	John Bright
Henry George	Bradlaugh
Garibaldi	Theodore Parker
Richard Cobden	Oliver Cromwell
Thomas Paine	Anne Hutchinson
John Knox	J. J. Rousseau

Little Journeys for 1908

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

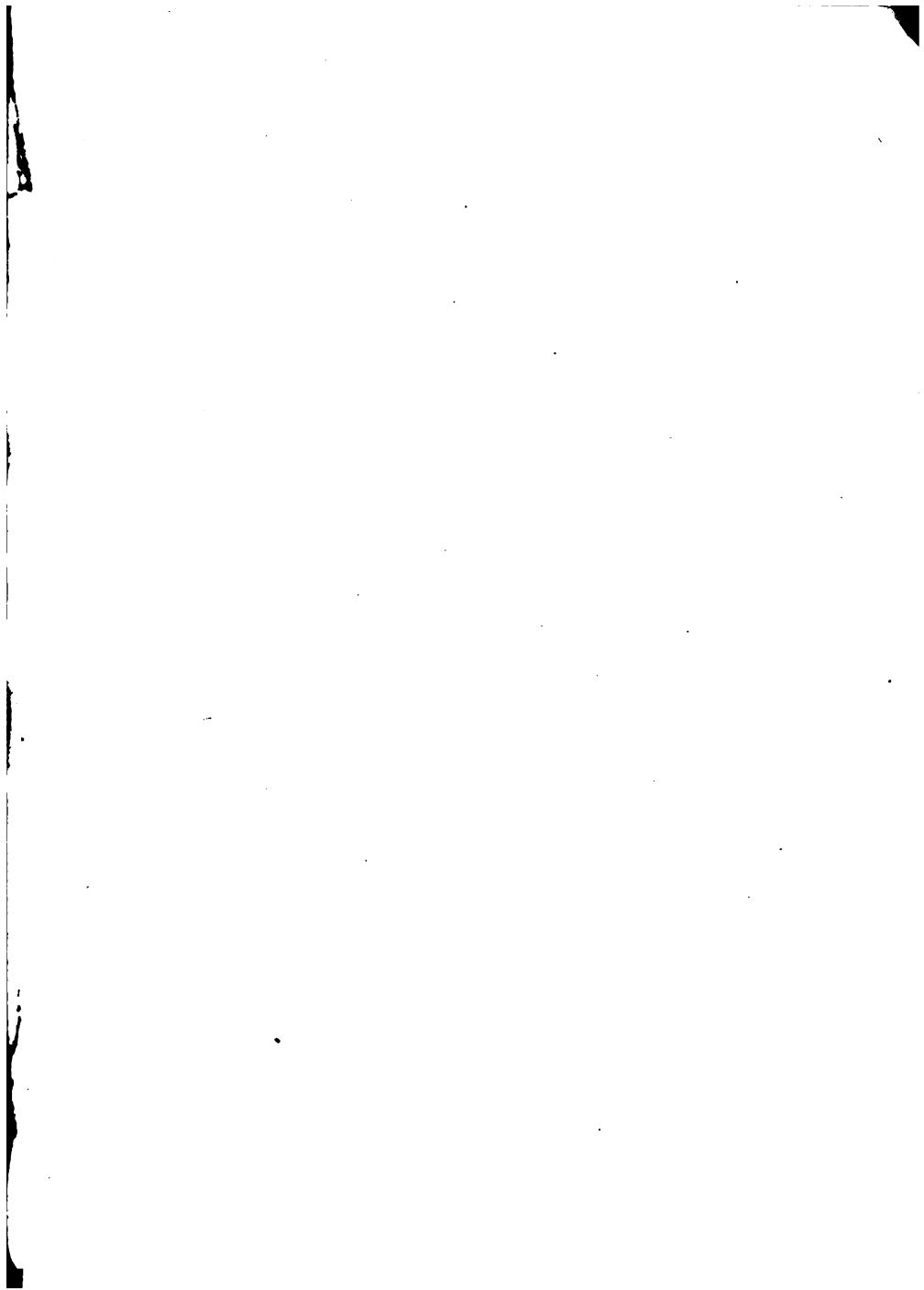
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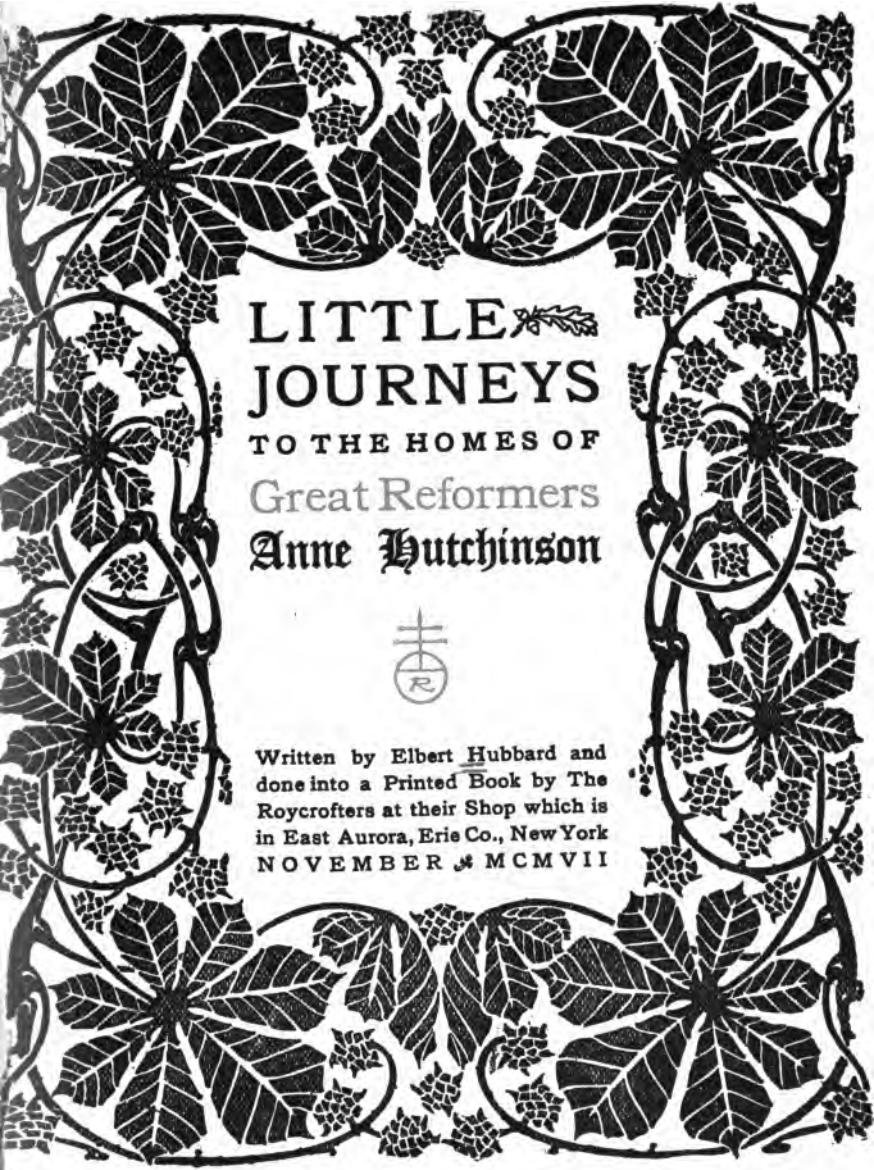
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Anne Hutchinson



LITTLE JOURNEYS
TO THE HOMES OF
Great Reformers
Anne Hutchinson



Written by Elbert Hubbard and
done into a Printed Book by The
Roycrofters at their Shop which is
in East Aurora, Erie Co., New York
NOVEMBER MCMVII

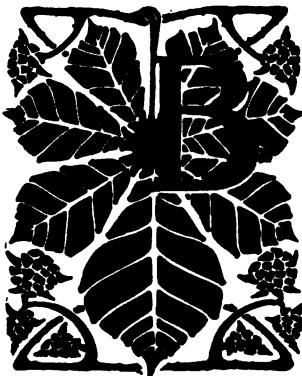
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Ernest L. Gay
of Boston,
April 30, 1906.

AS I do understand it, laws, commands, rules and edicts are for those who have not the light which makes plain the pathway.
He who has God's grace in his heart cannot go astray.

—ANNE HUTCHINSON

GREAT REFORMERS



BOSTON was founded in 1630. The village was first called Trimountain which was shortened as a matter of prenatal economy to Tremont.

The site was commanding and beautiful—a pear-shaped peninsula, devoid of trees, wind-swept, facing the sea, fringed by the salt-marsh, and transformed at high tide into an actual island.

The immediate inspirer of the Puritan exodus from England was Archbishop Laud, who had a cheerful habit of cutting off the ears of people who differed with him concerning the unknowable. The Puritans were people who believed in religious liberty & They rebelled from ritual, form, pomp and parade in sacred things & Their clergy were "ministers," their churches were "meeting houses," their communicants "a congregation."

The Boston settlers were Congregationalists, and stood about half way between Presbyterianism and the Independents. Oliver Cromwell, it will be remembered, was an Independent: John Winthrop, a man very much like him, was a Congregationalist.

The Independents had no priests, but the Congregationalists compromised on a minister.

Charles I. and his beloved Archbishop Laud regarded

GREAT REFORMERS—Anne Hutchinson

these Congregationalists as undesirable citizens, and so obligingly gave John Winthrop his charter for the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and said, "Go, and peace be with you," although that is not the exact phrase they used. ¶ In 1633, the Rev. John Cotton arrived at Tremont from Boston, Lincolnshire, England. ¶ In his honor, in a burst of enthusiasm the settlers voted to change the name of their town from Tremont to Boston. And Boston village it remained—Saint Botolph's Town—governed by the town meeting, until 1832, when it became a city, and Boston it is, even unto this day.

Boston now has half a million people; at the beginning of the Revolutionary War it had twenty thousand inhabitants; in 1633, when John Cotton arrived, it had three hundred and seven folk. The houses were built of logs, not of cut stone and marble, mostly in block-house style, chinked with mud. There were no wharves, but John Winthrop proudly says "a ship can come within half a mile of my house so deep is the channel."

John Cotton was a very strong and earnest man, much beloved by all who knew him. Most every family in the Massachusetts Bay Colony named a child after him. Increase Mather named one of his sons "Cotton."

The Colonists did not leave England by individuals or single families. They came in groups—church groups—headed by the pastor of his flock. They were not in search of an Eldorado, nor a fountain of youth. It was distinctly a religious movement, the object being religious liberty.

GREAT REFORMERS—Anne Hutchinson

pent-up quarters bring out qualities, and often attachments are made or repulsions formed, that last a lifetime. On board a co. ed. ship people either make love or quarrel, or they may do both.

The "Griffin" carried over a hundred passengers, among them two clergymen who are known to fame simply because they crossed the sea with Anne Hutchinson. These men were Rev. John Lathrop and Rev. Zacharius Symmes. Religious devotions occupied a goodly portion of the Puritan time, both on ship and on shore. The two clergymen on the "Griffin" very naturally took charge of the spiritual affairs on the craft, and apportioned out the time as best suited them. There were prayers in the morning, prayers in the evening, preaching in the forenoon, prayers and singing psalms between times.

Mrs. Hutchinson was a physician by natural endowment and made it her special business to look after the physical welfare of the women and children on the ship. This was well, but when she called a meeting of all the women on board ship, and addressed them, the Rev. John Lathrop and the Rev. Zacharius Symmes invited themselves to attend in order to see what manner of meeting it might be. All went well. But in a week, Mrs. Hutchinson kind of got on the nerves of the reverend gentlemen. Both men were strictly class B—stern, severe, sober, serious, sincere, very sincere. Mrs. Hutchinson was practical, rapid, witty and ready in speech; they were obtuse and profound. Of course they argued—for all parties were Puritans. Daily

GREAT REFORMERS—Anne Hutchinson

disputes were indulged in about the meaning of misty passages of biblical lore & The ministers attended Mrs. Hutchinson's meetings and she attended theirs. They criticised her teachings and she made bold to say a few words about their sermons. The passengers having nothing better to do took sides.

When land was sighted, and at last the "Griffin" passed slowly through the mouth of the harbor, all disputes were forgotten and a joyous service of thanksgiving was held. I said all disputes were forgotten—two men, however, remembered & These men were Rev. John Lathrop and Rev. Zacharius Symmes. They felt hurt, grieved, injured—the woman had usurped their place, and besprinkled their sacred office with disrespect, at least they thought so. When anchor was dropped, they were among the first to clamber over the side, and pull for the shore. They sought out John Winthrop, Governor of the Colony, and told him to beware of that Hutchinson woman—she had a tongue that was double edged. John Winthrop smiled and guessed that a woman with fifteen children could not help but be a blessing to the Colony. The two ministers drew down long Puritan visages and thought otherwise.



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will be right and proper and without sin. ¶ Of course this plea was met with specific questions, such as, if works are immaterial and grace is all, then what shall I do in this case, also that and the other? And how about teaching the catechism and memorizing the Ten Commandments? Must not we say prayers, and attend divine worship, and pay tithes, and obey magistrates? ¶ Little minds always find endless food for argument and disputation, right here. To leave the question to nature and let actions adjust themselves, they will never do. They want direct orders covering all the exigencies of life. To meet this demand the Torah of the Jews was devised, telling you how to kill chickens, how to remove the feathers, how to pass a stranger in an alley, how to cook, eat, pray, sleep, sing, and cut your hair.

¶ Thus we get such peculiar laws as that it is a sin for a Jew to make a fire at certain hours, to trim his beard, or a Chinaman to clip his cue. All barbaric people devise codes covering the minutia of conduct. With the Hopi Indians the maidens dress their hair in one way and the married women in another, and if a married woman clothes herself like a maiden, she is regarded as past redemption, and killed. One of the Ten Commandments, that against making graven images, was founded on the fallacy that sculpture and idolatry were one and the same thing. The Puritans believed that both the arts of sculpture and painting

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GREAT REFORMERS—Anne Hutchinson

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all were massacred.

So died Anne Hutchinson.

GREAT REFORMERS—Anne Hutchinson



ANNE HUTCHINSON was mourned by Mary Dyer as a sister, and she preached a funeral sermon at Providence in eulogy of her. Mrs. Dyer also went back to Boston and made an address in praise of Anne Hutchinson on Boston Common, to the great scandal of the community. Mrs. Dyer had now become a Quaker, principally because Quakers

had no paid priesthood, and allowed women who heard the Voice to preach.

Mary Dyer heard the Voice and preached. Her attention was called to the law, which in Boston provided that Quakers and Jews should have their ears cut off, and their tongues bored.

She continued to preach, and was banished.

She came back, and was found standing in front of the jail talking through the bars to two Quakers, Robinson and Stevenson, who were confined there awaiting sentence. She had brought them food and was exhorting them to be of good cheer. She was locked up, and asked to recant. She acknowledged she was a Quaker, and not in sympathy with magistracy.

She was sentenced by Governor Endicott, on her own confession, with having a contempt for authority, and

GREAT REFORMERS—Anne Hutchinson

ordered to be hanged. The day came and she was led forth, walking hand in hand with her two guilty Quaker brothers.

The scaffold was on Boston Common, on the little hill, about where the bandstand is at the present day. Q Mrs. Dyer stood and watched them hang her friends, one at a time. As they were swung off into space she called to them to hold fast to the truth, "for Christ is with us!" Whenever she spoke or sang, the drums that were standing in front and back of her were ordered to beat, so to drown her voice.

After the bodies of her friends had dangled half an hour they were cut down.

It was then her turn. She ascended the scaffold, refusing the help of the Rev. Mr. Wilson. He followed her and bound his handkerchief over her eyes, a guard in the meantime tying her hands and feet with raw-hide & *

"Do you renounce the Quakers?"

"Never, praise God, His son Jesus Christ, and Anne Hutchinson, His handmaiden—we live by truth!" *
"A reprieve! a reprieve!!" some one shouted. And it was so—Governor Endicott had ordered that this woman be banished, not hanged, unless she again came back to Boston. It was all an arranged trick to thoroughly frighten the woman.

Wilson removed the handkerchief from her eyes. They unbound her feet, and the thongs that held her hands

GREAT REFORMERS—Anne Hutchinson

were loosed. She looked down below at the bodies of Robinson and Stevenson lying dead on the grass. She asked that the sentence upon her be carried out. But not so, she was led by guards fifteen miles out into the forest and there liberated.

In a few months she was back in Boston, to see her two grown-up sons, and also to bear witness to the "Inner Light."

Being brought before Governor Endicott, she was asked, "Are you the same Mary Dyer that was here before?"

"I am the same Mary Dyer."

"Do you know you are under sentence of death?"

"I do, and I came back to remind you of the unrighteousness of your laws, and to warn you to repent!"

"Are you still a Quaker?"

"I am still reproachfully so-called."

"To-morrow at nine o'clock I order that you shall be hanged."

"This sounds like something you said before!"

"Lead her away—away, I say!"

At nine the next morning a vast crowd covered the Common, the shops and stores being closed, by order, for a holiday.

Mr. Wilson again attended the culprit. "Mary Dyer, Mary Dyer!" he called in a loud voice as they stood together on the scaffold. "Mary Dyer, repent, oh, repent, and renounce your heresies!"

GREAT REFORMERS—Anne Hutchinson

And Mary Dyer answered, "Nay, man, I am not now to repent, knowing nothing to repent of!"

"Shall I have the men of God pray for you?"

She looked about curiously, half smiled, and said, "I see none here."

"Will you have the people pray for you?"

"Yes, I want all the people to pray for me." ¶ Again the light was shut out from her eyes, this time forever. Her hands were bound behind her with thongs that cut into her wrists, her feet were tied. She reeled and the Rev. Mr. Wilson kindly supported her. ¶ The noose was adjusted. ¶ "Let us all pray," said the Rev. Mr. Wilson. So they hanged Mary Dyer in the morning.



NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHT sees the fourteenth continuous year of THE PHILISTINE Magazine. Beginning with an issue of five hundred copies, as a sort of literary joke, it now has a paid circulation of over one hundred thousand. It is slowly growing all the time, and the occasional cancellations merely prove that it sometimes hits the bull's-eye.

THE PHILISTINE for Nineteen Hundred and Eight will say things, as usual, about men, women, projects and institutions. The world has had a surfeit of the literature of defamation and exposure—all exposure being more or less indecent—and in the future this bibliomag will boost more and berate less, reserving always the right to swing its faithful snickersee as occasion seems to demand.

Folks who are doing especially good work in the line of economic betterments will have THE PHILISTINE'S strong and earnest support.

It will advocate the taxation of church and college property. The argument that churches and colleges should not be taxed because they exert a beneficent influence on society and increase the assessable value of real estate, is not a valid reason why they should evade their quota for fire and police protection. The same line of argument would excuse the editor of THE PHILISTINE and many other fairly good men who realize that the only way they can help themselves is by helping others. Constructively, we are all pious persons, and every good man increases the assessable value of real estate in his vicinity.

THE PHILISTINE will advocate industrial education in prison—and out; the abolition of the death penalty; the doing away with child labor in mills; tree planting and forest preservation; good roads; the parcels post; the absurdity and hideousness of war; the wisdom of being cheerful; the beauty of kind thoughts; the value of deep breathing; a like wage for women and men when they do a like service; woman suffrage; the sin of being sick. Also it will advocate making the use of cigarettes in the great colleges compulsory instead of optional, and the introduction of bull-fights to take the place of football.

LET us not lose
the savor of past
mercies and past
pleasures; but like the
voice of a bird, singing in
the rain, let grateful mem-
ory survive in the hour of
darkness ☽ ☽ ☽ ☽

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



GREAT REFORMERS—Anne Hutchinson

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OPPORTUNITY

By Walter Malone

HEY do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in:
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and ride to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for Golden Ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day;
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanquished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say I CAN!
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be again a man!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?
They turn from blotted archives of the past
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell!
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven!
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to Heaven.



O far as I am concerned, I have made up my mind that no organization, secular or religious, shall be my master. I have made up my mind that no necessity of bread, or roof, or raiment shall ever put a padlock on my lips. I have made up my mind that no hope of preference, no honor, no wealth, shall ever make me for one moment swerve from what I really believe no matter whether it is to my immediate interest as one would think, or not. And while I live, I am going to do what little I can to help my fellow men who have not been as fortunate as I have been.

R O B E R T G. I N G E R S O L I

Here is a List of Books

that The Roycrofters have on hand for sale (of some there are but a few copies). These are rather interesting books, either for the reader or the collector, or for presents. Many people always have a few extra ROYCROFT BOOKS on hand in readiness for some sudden occasion when a present is the proper thing.

The Man of Sorrows	\$2.00	Nature	\$2.00
Thomas Jefferson	2.00	Justinian and Theodora	2.00
A Christmas Carol	2.00	Crimes Against Criminals	2.00
Respectability	2.00	William Morris Book	2.00
A Dog of Flanders	2.00	Story of a Passion	2.00
The Law of Love	2.00	White Hyacinths	2.00
The Ballad of Reading Gaol	2.00	Battle of Waterloo	2.00

THE ROYCROFTERS
East Aurora, Erie County, New York

White Hyacinths


ELBERT HUBBARD'S tribute to his wife, in "White Hyacinths" is, we think, Hubbard's one achievement in literature thus far. It is written with a sort of abandonment of self not usual in the very clever Fra. In fact, the book reads like an abdication of pontificality and comes upon us as a breath-taking surprise. As a picture of an intellectual union between two people the essay-sketch is superlatively fine. As a tribute to a help-meet it rises beyond mere gush and compliment, and presents to us a woman who is human and not an idolized doll. Mrs. Hubbard must be all he says she is and more, or she never could have subdued the Fra himself to that tenderness and modesty and spontaneous admiration based on rational and not sentimental grounds, to which he gives play in "White Hyacinths." In introducing us to his wife Elbert Hubbard gives us, with a new audacity of self-revelation, a new light upon himself and one that glamours him even in the eyes of those of us who have been most critical of his lichotomies and dissonances as a thinker and writer. He writes, in writing of her, himself better Hubbard than we thought we knew—for which we thank her.—WILLIAM MARION REEDY in "Mirror" of July 18th.




ELBERT HUBBARD has written a little book in which he pays loving tribute to his wife as "The Greatest of Women."
To every husband whose wife has made his a happy home, that wife is, or should be, "The Greatest of Women."
And if he does not tell her so, while she is yet within the sound of his voice, he will some day weep scalding tears of unavailing regret.
God pity the man who makes the mistake of leaving it to his wife "to take it for granted" that he loves her as ardently as when he bent before her, a lover.
Why boy, did you leave it to your sweetheart to "take things for granted," when you went a-courting? Did you not repeat, and repeat, "I love you," until Mary's eyes grew bright with joy!
Why should married life enfeeble the happy relations that went before the plighting of faith at the Altar.
Never leave off the gallantry of courtship days, my boy. In word, in look, in caressing touch, tell your wife—she who makes your home an Eden into which no serpent comes—that in your eyes and heart and soul, she is "the greatest of women."—THOMAS A. WATSON in the "Jeffersonian" for September.



ELBERT HUBBARD announces a convention where "the speakers will neither mouth, mince, amble, jig, cough, sneeze nor apologize." This seems too good to be true.—STEPHEN FISKE.

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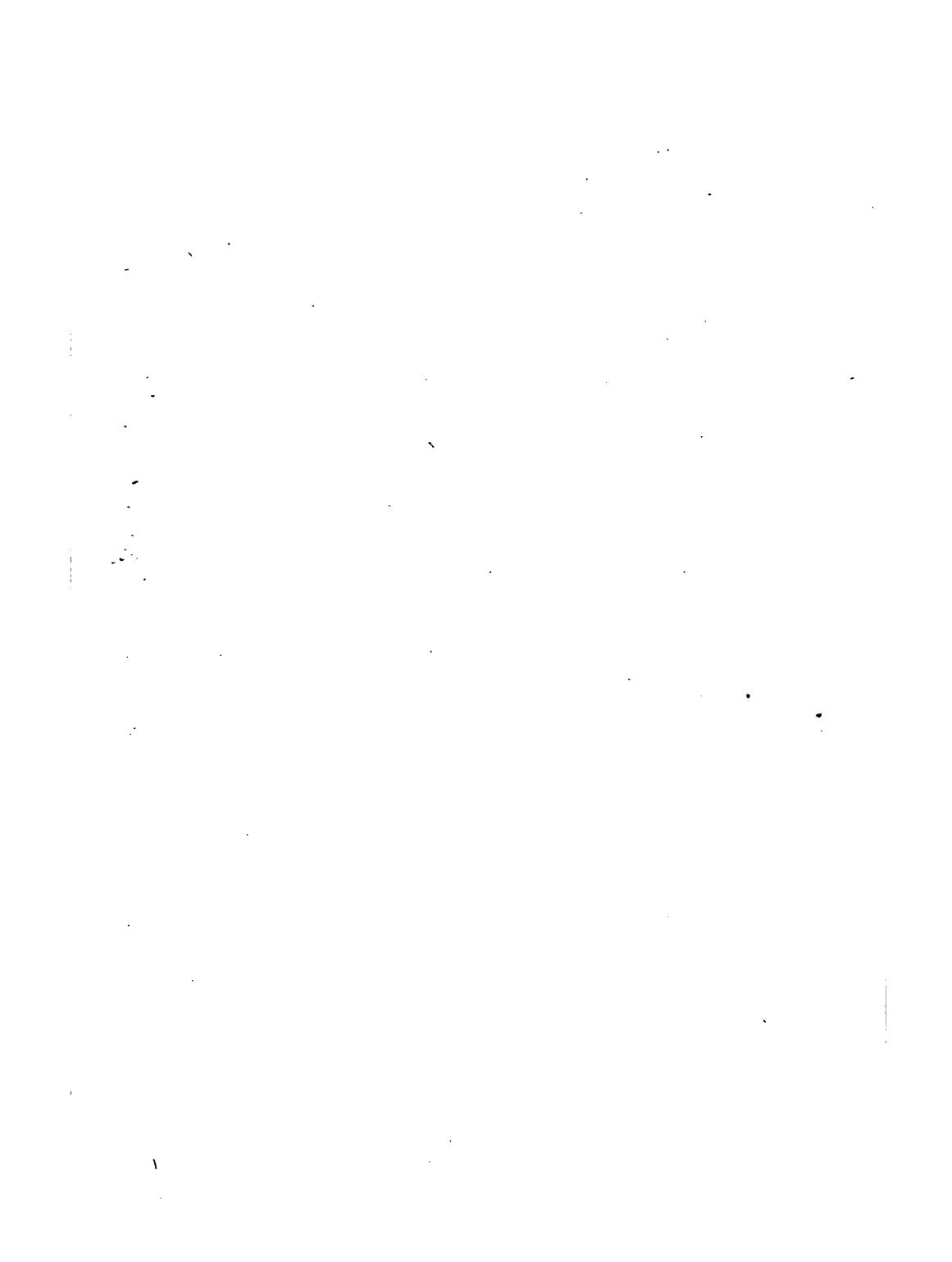
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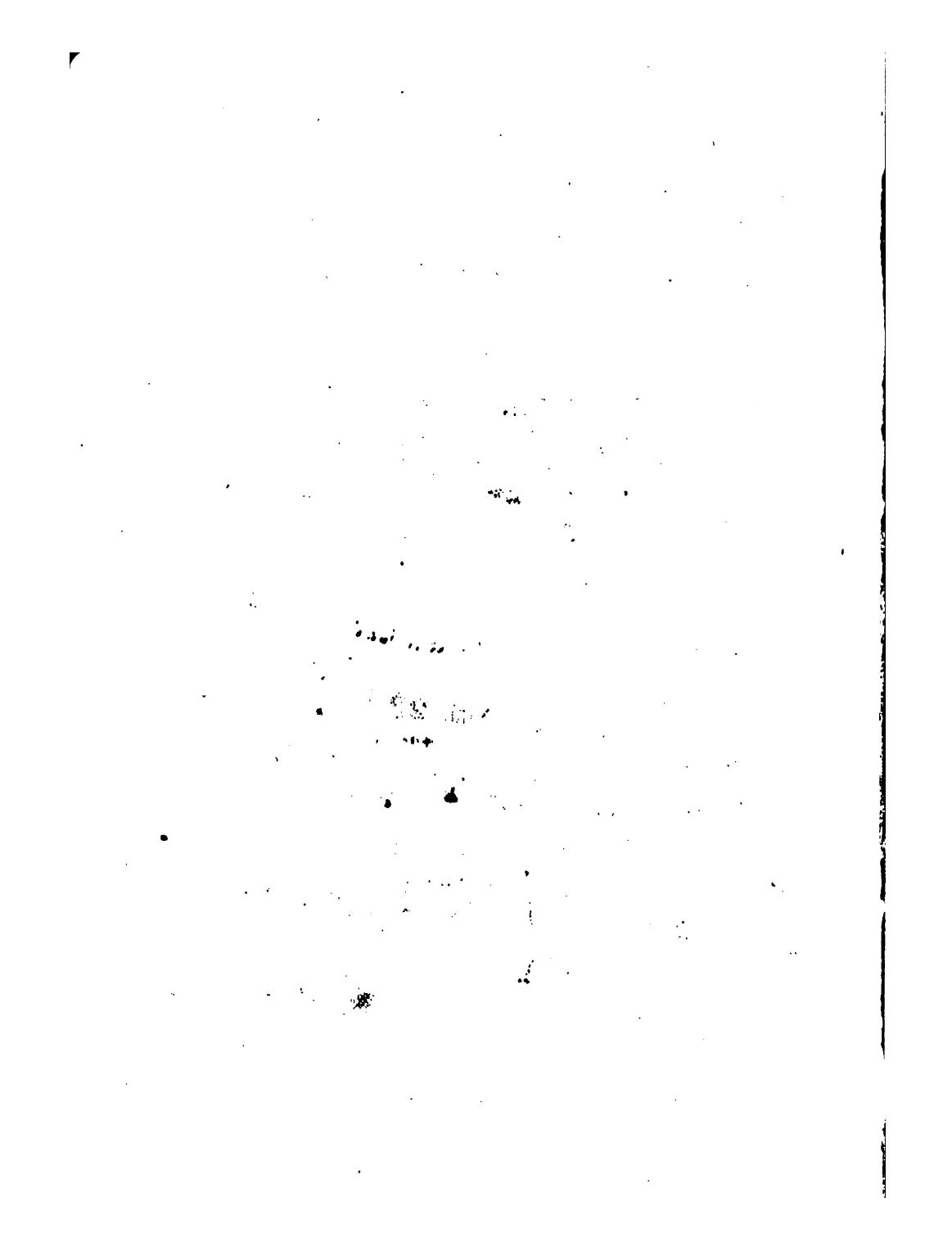
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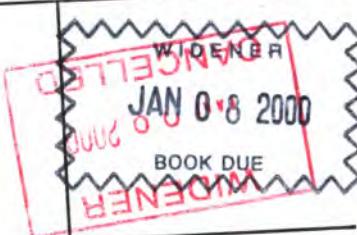


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